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For the Editor:

F. W. HARTFORD,

B. M. TILTON,

Editors and Proprietors.

Address: 110 State Street, N. H. Post Office

Second-class matter.

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For the Editor:

ENGLISH BEAUTY.

HOW THE STANDARD HAS CHANGED

IN EIGHTY YEARS.

Once Everything Depended Upon the Eyes—The Burne-Jones, Rossetti and Du Maurier Types—What It Liked Today.

A famous living artist, a great authority on what is peculiarly the study and aim of art—beauty—has been heard to maintain that women of our generation have a quite unbecoming way of altering themselves for the overthrow and enslavement of their victim, man. It is true at all, it is probable they always had that power and almost certain they never let it lapse for want of using it. And certainly when we look round at the pretty English girls of this present year it seems as if it were true. What is true is that the type seems to have completely changed.

Some eighty years ago a famous chaplain used to lay down as the condition of certain triumph that a girl should have eyes. Other points of beauty went for nothing or for little. If she had eyes, she would do, and by "do" that much requisitioned chaplain meant that she was sure to capture a desirable husband. And the painters of those days showed us what sort were the eyes that did all the mischief. They were not demure, or provoking, or flashing; they were simply large, lazy, languorous and generally blue.

There was nothing "unbely" in the expression of the eyes; it was only in the color; they were essentially ingenu eyes. Lady Hamilton had them, but Romney managed generally so to deepen them with shadow that you never realized the color as blue. Now, with this beauty of eyes, and especially of blue eyes, came the beauty of complexion, the healthy pink and white of the late Georgian and even the early Victorian era. We have but to turn to any portrait of that time to see that the oval face, the blue eyes, the dear and dewy, and the infantine sweet air of her were what the painter knew his sister would expect.

Then came the change. Rossetti, so to speak, discovered the throat. Du Maurier made us look at chin, Hazlitt sang the praises of pallor, passion pale pallor; eyes were forgotten or overlooked and "regularity" was unnecessary to noses. Figures became long and angular, dress loomed large and changed to drapery, and the type altered. Burne-Jones, Rossetti and Du Maurier seemed to have fashioned between them a new kind of beautiful woman. The portraits of the seventies record the changing fashion and it was part of it that the age of beauty was thought to come later in the life of woman. The type passed to exaggeration in the modern era, but all the same, throat and chin and mouth and pallor ruled us and eyes and complexion went for little or nothing.

But the reaction was inevitable and not long delayed. It has come already. Women have again unceasingly changed their lives for the destruction of man. The Rossetti type is disappearing and gradually giving place to two other types, which indeed have little in common. One may frankly be called the Romney type. The hair is brown and curly, the face is short, the nose is slightly upturned, the corners of the mouth turn up a little. The only word of praise which you now would be hushable is "blue-eyed." It is a somewhat kind of beauty, captivating, provocative, domestic, certainly not overintellectual, with no great tendency to literature or art, wisdom, and conscious of its irresistibility. You see it just now largely leaving all traces of English society. There is nothing of the grande dame about it. Can you fancy one of the French Du Maurier type beauties ever stooping to coquette, ever descending to the boudoir, and yet remaining Miss Hardcastle? You will see the type all through London today, in ladies, in shopgirls, in servants, a type very attractive for its simplicity, its homeliness, its Romney gave it to us for our admiration, and the London addresser has helped most girls more or less to come under it. The short locks with the curves support the curves of the rosy nose, give zest and pliancy to the impertinence of the face, and give to the whole type its present charm. It certainly is not a refined kind. The face is broad, fair, white. The nose is rather shaggy. The eyes are rather large and decidedly ugly. The mouth has little form in its lines, no firmness when it closes, little expression when it lies open. The roll of that black hair accentuates all those defects, and brings many individuals, really unlike, apparently under the same type. It won't last.

But there is another form of face which we have begun to see latterly which is a type and which has come to stay. Its beauty is more or less that of the early Victorian type. The eye here has for its essential a natural outlook. It does not lack the clarity of today, it does not care for the eye used in the world and has its beauty from its pleasure. The bridge of the nose now returns to its normal importance. It is as that of the delicately lifted eyelid.

Du Maurier thirty years ago annexed the high bridge, accentuated its defects and made it the special preserve of the dowager duchesses. The ugliness of the exaggeration has now passed away. The delicate aquiline has a beauty of its own, especially when with it comes in once more the large eye that has room for a large lid. This type has also the charm of complexion, wholesome and white, cheeks that can blush subconsciously, a face that ignores the surface of powder and the tint of rouge. This beauty, all the same, is rather dollish and of a stupid kind, with its chin apt to be weak and its brow low and shaggy. It is essentially aristocratic and belongs to the granddaughters of Du Maurier's dowagers.—London News.

They Can't Swim.

It is a curious fact that the girls and women who live along the coast and can handle any kind of boat from a dory to a sloop, and are as competent with the water as the men, are unable to swim with few exceptions. Although they spend a good part of their lives on the water, they seem to have an aversion to going into it. But this ignorance of the art of swimming is not confined to the one sex. Many of the oldest and most experienced "bathers" who have spent their lives making or mending boats, will admit that they "can't swim." It is a fact, though they could do "a few strokes, if put to it."—New York Press.

BILL OF THE PLAY.

A stage version of "Eben Holden" will be produced soon.

Leonavallo, the composer, will establish an international theater in Paris.

The king of Greece has invited Mme. Rejane to appear at the new court theater.

Elsie Leslie will play Glory Quayle to E. J. Morgan's John Storm in "The Christian."

It is announced that Hall Caine's latest story, "The Eternal City," will be dramatized by the author.

"The Fascinating Miss Ford" is the title of the new play Martha Morton has written for Ada Rehan.

William Collier, the comedian, has a fat for collecting theater programmes. He has already nearly 3,000.

When the London season fully opens, five of the biggest theaters will have American plays and actors as their attractions.

It is reported that Mme. Janauschek, the veteran actress, is in a critical condition, having had another stroke of paralysis.

Thomas Jefferson, Joseph's son, will again star in "Rip Van Winkle." This is his fourth season in his father's famous role.

Georgia Mendham, a niece of John Drew, in whose company she has gained her stage training, has been engaged as leading actress to Joseph Jefferson.

THE WRITERS.

A. T. Quilley's "Touch," the story writer, is rear commodore of his yacht club in Cornwall.

Marion Crawford always thinks out his novels while walking. He can tramp forty miles at a stretch and becomes bodily fatigued clears the brain.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, the Italian poet and novelist, lives in a handsome villa near Florence. He is a small, dapper man, bald, though young, and rather the dandy.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, who, among other interesting things, wrote the "Forward, Christian Soldier," lyric which Sullivan set to music, is credited with being the most prolific of English authors, the British museum showing 110 titles in its catalogue under his name.

Sir Edwin Arnold in writing to a friend in this country of his recent epic poem said that, though he was now quite blind and broken in health, he did not by any means intend that it be lost. He would, he said, work should be his last. He would, he said, work should be his last. He would, he said, work should be his last.

Two Franks the Comedian Played on the Duke of Beaufort.

Through the elder Southern Billy Florence, the comedian, came to know the Duke of Beaufort, and they were excellent friends. Beaufort came to this country and was at the Gipsy House in New York a good many times. Florence delivered his stay by several jokes, which were the talk of the town at the time. He told the duke that he was not looking well. "You need violent exercise," said he. "Now, I was troubled as you are. I used to strip to my underclothing and, taking a heavy chair in by hand, would run about the rooms, raising and lowering the chair a hundred times without stopping. It had a grand effect."

Florence insisted upon this for several days and got the duke into a mind for trying it. One afternoon when several eminent persons were going to call on the duke, Florence persuaded him to try the great exercise. The duke, undressed, and taking a great chair, he elevated it above his head and began racing around the room. He was in a fine sweat, with his eyes bulging, his face red and his voice standing out. Florence went to the office, and when the eminent and dignified persons arrived he said to one of them he knew.

"Going up to see his grace?"

"Yes," said the man.

"Well," said Florence, "I've been up to see him, and I'm afraid he's touched in his head. He is leaning about his room, making strange noises and breaking the furniture. Come up and see him. I think he ought to be restrained. His family ought to be told."

The eminent and dignified personages accompanied Florence and, peeping through a crack in the door, saw an apparent maniac dashing round and round, with staring eyes and flushed face. Then Florence shut the door and took them away to tell what they had seen, beginning, "It's very sad about his grace," until an impression was general that the Duke of Beaufort had gone mad. A few days later Florence hid the duke's clothing and poked his head in at the door and said, "Hurry out; the hotel is a fire!" The duke presently appeared in the hotel office in a nightgown, slippers and a tall hat, thus confirming the unfavorable impression of his intellects.

He Knew No Fear.

Prince Metternich was driving in Vienna one day during the congress of 1815 when the horses bolted, the carriage was overturned, and Metternich was thrown into the roadway. Finding he had no bones broken, he picked himself up and walked quietly away. The same evening he met the king of Naples, who had seen the accident.

"How horribly frightened you must have been," said the king.

"Not at all," replied Metternich. "It is no merit of mine, but I am constitutionally inaccessible to fear."

"It is as I thought," replied the king. "You are a supernatural being."

Man and His Palate.

I suppose that every man's dream of married life is more or less mixed up with the idea of food—food that he can eat and can invite his friends to eat. The possibilities of the chafing dish are innumerable. Try your best not to fall into a hopeless rut. Do daily cooking. Then some time it may be that the fragrance of a perfect Welsh rabbit will bring to your mind the first budding of love as long as life and as deep as the grave. Men are queer creatures, aren't they?—Cynthia Westover Alden in Success.

Her Usual Remark.

"What did I name my when her father gave her a new gold watch?" asked one chafing dish.

"Oh, the same thing that she always says. She remarked that she was having a perfectly lovely time."—Washington Star.

A Card Up One.

Nubbs—He went into the editor's office like a roaring lion and came out like a postage stamp.

Nubbs—How was that?

Nubbs—Licked.—Detroit Free Press.

SHE MADE IT INTERESTING.

The Result of a Criticism of Little May's Letter Writing.

One day the aunt for whom the fourteen-year-old was named and to whom most of her letters were written surprised the fourteen-year-old's mother by the following:

"Dear Edith," wrote the aunt, "I am much distressed over May's inability to write an interesting letter. Why is it? She has been corresponding with me regularly for some years now, and there is really no reason for her girl of fourteen not writing a better letter. It is this: the best she can do now, there's no hope for her later on, I'm afraid. Her letters are most uninteresting, and I'm both surprised and ashamed for her. Now, don't go telling her all this, of course. That would never do. But just see if you cannot continue to let her know how she fails to make her letters interesting and then set about at once improving them. Never by look or word let her suspect that I criticised them. By the way, Edith, dear, did you decide to get the blue foulard or the gray crepe de chine," etc.

Now, no sooner did "Edith, dear," read this than she, of course, went straight to the fourteen-year-old and gave it to her, "right off the bat," as Charlie, the nineteen-year-old son and brother, would probably have put it. The aunt's letter, caution to keep silence and all, was duly read to the fourteen-year-old. She gasped. "You know there's not a word of truth in it. Answer me—how dared you?"

The fourteen-year-old calmly took the letter, read it, returned it. "Do you think Aunt May will ever say again that I can't write interesting letters?" she said, with a smile.—New York Sun.

FLORENCE AS A JOKER.

Through the elder Southern Billy Florence, the comedian, came to know the Duke of Beaufort, and they were excellent friends. Beaufort came to this country and was at the Gipsy House in New York a good many times. Florence delivered his stay by several jokes, which were the talk of the town at the time. He told the duke that he was not looking well. "You need violent exercise," said he. "Now, I was troubled as you are. I used to strip to my underclothing and, taking a heavy chair in by hand, would run about the rooms, raising and lowering the chair a hundred times without stopping. It had a grand effect."

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TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY

SOME LIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE TRUTHFUL CAMERA.

Simple Mechanism or Juggling With Perspective Brings Odd Results. The Man in the Bottle—Making a Fat Woman Thin.

The notion that the camera cannot lie has become one of the few fixed tenets of popular belief, but, while this opinion is true in the strictest interpretation of the phrase, yet the man behind the lens or he who has charge of the developing process can so manipulate the unsuspecting instrument or the equally innocent negative that were a camera endowed with the sense of perception it would never recognize its own handiwork.

Of late years trick photography and false photographs have become distinct features of the photographer's art, and effects are easily produced which belie the subjects at which the

A STUDY OF FACES.

THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE FROM A RACIAL POINT OF VIEW.

Caricaturists Do Little More Than Approximate Peculiarities—The American Face Is Not Distinctive In Any Sense of the Word.

"Faces present many interesting studies," said an observant citizen who had scanned one of the comic papers, "and I have been conducting a quiet little autographic study with the human face as the basis. I have come to the conclusion that the American face is not distinctive in any sense of the word, or, if it has any distinctive feature, it is in the fact that there is no strong characteristic that would differentiate it from other faces of superior races. There is nothing that will call it up in the mind from the world's group of Caucasian faces. Yet this is not true of other white skinned races. The English face, the Jew face, the Irish face, the Italian face, the Chinese face, the Japanese face, the French face, the Indian face and even the negro face, all these have something about them which will call up a definite picture in one's mind.

"The English face is a trifle dim in the mind's eye, and yet one may think of the high forehead and the high cheek bones. The French face is distinctive. The Italian face, while not strongly portrayed in the mind's picture, is yet definite enough. The Jew face is easily differentiated, and one may say the same of the Irish face. Memory may slightly mix for the moment the Chinese and the Japanese face, but still the line of difference is clearly marked. There is the nose, the lips, whose face one may never forget. The negro face is thoroughly distinctive.

"But what shall one say of the American face? Take this comic paper I have been scanning. And, by the way, there is one curious thing about the faces which one may find in comic papers, a thing which one may call a polite slander in caricaturing. The Jew face, the Irish face and the African face are the favorites with the men who grind out the alleged comical pictorials. They always make a clownish money grabber of the Jew, a representation as unjust as the old stage portrayal of Shylock or the Jew of Malta with his cap, his red fringe of whiskers, his wig and his cringing mien. They were equally unjust to Pat, for Pat's son is nearly always a ditcher, with his pick, his pipe and his orange. And the only justice they do him is in preserving his inimitable wit. They fail to do even so much for the Jew. In both cases the pictures show signs of having been made with the meat ax on the butcher's block, for they preserve nothing but the grotesque abnormalities of the two races. And the negro—well, he is always hanging around the well-roast.

"But these faces stand out merely as types and not as serious portrayals of the racial characteristics of the races to which they belong. They are of course suggestive of certain peculiarities which are common to all members of the races represented. But they are horrible exaggerations, unjust and almost criminal exaggerations, for it cannot be said that they are accepted with indifference by persons who are prejudiced one way or the other.

"But I was speaking of the American face, with its lack of distinctiveness," the observant citizen continued. "The American face is probably peculiar in some ways. It is peculiar in its cosmopolitanism. It is in one sense a composite face. It is international in one sense, for here and there one may find the traces which suggest a relation to this, that or the other race. It may be a line or a ligament bequeathed by an early English ancestry or something suggestive of Teutonic origin or a sharp suggestion of the Frenchman's face or the Irishman's or the Italian's or the Scotchman's or some slight hint which would lead one back through the flood and tears of the ages to the sterling old forefathers who lived in foreign countries and died under different flags and in different climes long before the Mayflower touched her bow against the soil of the new western world. Of course the American may be picked out in the crowd.

"But when one must deal with the American abstractly one can scarcely call up the American face. Uncle Sam, with his striped trousers, his sharply cut coat, his plug hat, his whiskers and his bland, good natured face, is a happy conception, yet he may never hope to portray the matchless and indescribable cosmopolitanism of the American face. It is too unique in its likeness and unlike-ness. The lines, the contour, the muscular interlacings, the curves and arches of the forehead are still there, and yet they are too delicately traced to be remembered when the face has passed the memory.

"So I have reached the conclusion after these reflections that the American face is not distinctive in the sense that the mind may call it up at any time and separate it from the faces which are associated with other superior races. Among the home folk there are certain things which will enable one to call up a face which is probably distinctive in its Americanism, and yet it could not be accepted as the face which would correctly and adequately represent the whole race of Americans. For instance, there is what may be popularly called the Red head face, the face which one may find in the rural sections of the United States, the face of the agriculturist and the farmer. There is a certain type in the remote country sections which is probably peculiar to Uncle Sam's domain, and yet it would fall far short of representing the American face, just as far short as the grotesque portrayals referred to in connection with other races and other nationalities. It would only represent a small number of Americans, and while the type is thoroughly American and substantial enough in its representation, it would give no idea of the facial appearance of the vast majority of American citizens.

"Thus it would be with every other class or one might take all the classes and make a composite picture, copying from each the characteristic that was most marked in its Americanism, and yet the picture would fall much below a faithful portrayal of that infinite cosmopolitanism of the American face as it really is. And it would still lack that distinctiveness which would enable one to call it to mind as readily as one may call up the face of some representative of another race where the features are more strongly differentiated."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Life is too short to read the whole story, so don't criticise the book before you have read it.—Boston Transcript.

THE JOBBERNOWLS AND THE TORNADO GIANT

Copyright, 1899, by Caroline Wetherill.



"I am tired of Porto Rico! Here I do not care to stay!" French Marie would say each morning in her little French way. But the others laughed and waited in the hope of further sport. For, besides their funny circus, there was none of any sort. As the Jobbernows in hammocks swung one sultry winter day, they heard an awful booming, a great grinding down the bay. On it came—a cloud of darkness—the tornado dark and grim, Tearing Jobbernows and hammocks from the slender palm tree limb.



Oh, of course they all were frightened as they blindly whirled around, in the midst of clouds and dust streams, skimming swiftly o'er the ground. When their eyes got used to darkness and they righted up a bit, there they saw the old storm giant in his misty cavern pit. He had eyes like scraps of sunset, and his teeth were shaped like saws, And his mouth was like a furnace and his hands were only claws. People knew the storm was coming o'er the waves along the shore, For he urged along his cyclone with a fierce and rumbling roar.



When the Jobbernows beheld him in his dark and gloomy lair, All their limbs with terror rattled and the paint came off their hair. For the giant grinned with pleasure as he sought his cupboard strong, Taking down his copper kettle and a platter broad and long. Just as he prepared to eat them Ole gave an awful yell, While the giant roared and clattered on a hideous dinner bell. Then, unless the Roc, who'd lost them, had known more than you or I, The old giant would have feasted on a Jobbernowl potpie.

Maintaining a Lioness.

Lions and tigers when in their native jungles keep their claws at the proper length and in good condition by constant use and also by occasionally digging them into the bark of large trees, wearing away portions of them where they grow too long. When they are captives shut up in narrow cages, they cannot do this, and the result is that they often have ingrowing toe nails.

Alice, the blind lioness in the Central park menagerie, New York, had six ingrowing toe nails cut off a short time ago. She is about twenty-five years old and has been blind for ten years. It took five keepers and two policemen to make Alice submit to having her claws cut. She had been lame and suffering from the ingrowing claws for a long time, and the operation was necessary. The men lowered a noose made of rope an inch thick from the top of the cage and, after catching Alice in the noose, drew her to the front of the bars. They tied her down firmly and caught her paws in nooses of smaller ropes. Even then she would at times pull all six men, who were holding the ropes, right up to the bars of the cage. An inch or more had to be cut off each of her nails. It hurt Alice a great deal, and she made a fearful fuss and howled until all the other lions joined in the chorus.

After it was over Alice walked about without limping so much and showed many signs of satisfaction at the absence of the painful naillike splinters of claws that had been torturing her for a long time.

Battleships Slide on Soap and Tallow

"It costs from \$4,000 to \$5,000," said the manager of one of our biggest ship-building yards the other day, "to launch a battleship.

"The building of ways for the ship to slide down is the main item, and then comes the greasing. Every inch of timber over which the vessel slides must be covered with a lubricant. Soap and tallow form the main ingredients. We use a layer of beef tallow and a layer of soft soap. From one to one and a half tons of the stuff is required to move the average battleship. "The tallow is spread on first to the depth of about three fingers, and the workmen use big flat trowels to make the surface as smooth as possible. Then they pour over the soft soap, which is just thick enough to run, or about the consistency of tar.

"The double coating answers admirably, and the ship slides into the water quickly and easily. If it sticks, it is likely to spring some of the vessel's plates, and accidents of that kind are so costly that nothing is spared to avert them."

His Two Grandmas.

Johnnie and Amy are quarreling about their grandmothers. Johnnie says triumphantly, "I have two grandmas, and you have only one." Amy will not believe that any one can have two grandmothers and rejoins: "You want to fool me. How can there be two grandmothers for one little boy?" "I don't know," says Johnnie, "probably my grandmas are twins."

THE ACTORS' POSTOFFICE.

Schemers and All Outlanders Are Barred From Its Use.

Out of the thousands of professions that of the stage is probably the only one which can boast that a busy postoffice is maintained for its exclusive benefit. To those few laymen who know of this office's existence it is known as "The Actors' postoffice." To the members of the profession, for which it is intended, it is known far and wide as "The Mirror."

No other letters but those intended for members of the theatrical profession are received at this postoffice, and a most rigid censorship is exercised. Outsiders and schemers who might try to use the office for their own purposes would fail at the outset, for their missives would be promptly sent to the general delivery.

The actors' postoffice was established many years ago in a corner of the office of The Dramatic Mirror, a newspaper devoted to the affairs of stageland. It has never been a very large office, but its business and importance to its clients have both increased to such an extent that it is now a recognized and necessary institution. It is also one of the busiest little offices in the United States, for nowadays no actor or actress troubles to give a private address. It is taken for granted that all correspondents know that the easiest and quickest method of sending a letter to a theatrical person is to send it to The Mirror office.

In this way the little office has become the clearing house for all theatrical correspondence. Most traveling theatrical companies furnish a printed route list, with the name of each town and the date at which each theater will be visited during the season, accompanied in each instance by the date. Thus the actor's friends know where and when to write to him at all times during the season. It happens sometimes that an acquaintance is not sure of the route, and this is where the little postoffice comes in. The letter is sent in care of The Mirror, which publishes each week a list of all letters received. The actor who is playing in San Francisco, for example, will glance through the letter list and, finding his name there, will send a stamp to the postmistress, who will forward his letter to any place on his route, according to instructions.

If a theatrical manager wishes to communicate with an actor whose address he does not know, he sends the letter through The Mirror, feeling sure that it will reach him through that medium. Thus the little postmistress is kept busy, while many amusing incidents occur just outside her iron grating. She might tell some sad stories, too, if she were so minded, of letters that never came and humorous anecdotes of the pompous demeanor of some players who come to inquire for letters with as tense a mien as though they were conducting a scene from "Hamlet." Pathetic is the daily occurrence of the actor who, in answer to an inquiry, has written to tell some manager "the lowest salary for which I shall play the part" and who hopes to be signed and returned. Each day he peers inquiringly through the grating, at first with easy self-assurance, then more wistfully, as no reply is had. At last the poor fellow is forced to "consider silence a polite negative," and he retires crestfallen and disappointed.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Two Good Whistlers.

A story is told by a certain well known hunter which illustrates the skill some gunners acquire in the use of the bird whistle. On this particular day in fall the birds had not been flying well, and the gunners, who had been out since early morning, were on their way home over the marshes.

One of them was on the lookout for game birds and when he beheld a flock of them about to alight he at once crouched down in the tall grass by the edge of a creek and began calling.

It happened that another gunner, who was about to give up his day's work, heard the sharp and repeated whistling of what he supposed were grass birds, and quickly reloading his gun, he, too, picked up his whistle and began to call. First the man in the tall grass would whistle, then the man in the adjoining stand would answer, and this was kept up for a long time until it got so dark that had the birds flown past either gunner he could not have seen them.

Presently the gunner who was crouching in the tall grass ventured to rise and scan the marshes, when to his surprise and chagrin he saw the gunner in the stand do likewise. Neither wished to acknowledge that he had been deceived by the other's whistling, so they quietly disappeared in different directions without exchanging a word.

London's Passion For Luxury.

The tendency among the British middle classes is rather to live above their incomes than within them, says an Amsterdam newspaper. There is also a passion for luxury in London, and a desire to display, which seems a peculiarly stupid and useless desire in a huge city, where one seldom knows one's neighbors. And so, too, the cordial "pot luck" dinners of a generation ago have given place to ceremonial champagne functions, in which a man out of dress clothes is out of place.

The Trouble With the Cake.

When a cake contains too much flour or has baked too fast, it will sink from the edges or rise up sharply with a crack in the middle. If cake has a coarse grain, it was not beaten enough or the oven was too slow.—Good Housekeeping.

Some men owe all they have in this world to others and some owe a lot more than they have.

There are friends who will stand by you to the last cent—your cent, not theirs.—Wasp.

GOIN' BERRYIN' AIN'T SO BAD

By Frank Farrington—Picture by R. F. Outcault.



Goin' berryin' ain't so bad
'F it keeps you out of school.
I rather tramp the berry patch
Than study double rule.
Of three or some such foolish thing.
But, my, it makes me mad
When right in vacation time
Ma sings out or dad:
"Johnny, berries gettin' ripe.
Just take a pal 'ol chance
Yourself up 'cross the pasture lot
To that old 'oller' place

'N' pick enough to make some pies."
Why don't they send me out
Along the meadow brook to catch
A nice big mess of trout?
The ain't no sport in gettin' scratched
All up with berry briars.
Why don't a feller's pa 'n' ma
Know better what he o'sires?
Fish is jes' as good to eat
As any berry pie.
'F I go berryin' any more
'N' vacation, I'll know why.

DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH.

How a Brave Lad Won This Title During the War of Rebellion.

Recently at Marlon, Ind., W. H. Merchon celebrated his fifty-ninth birthday anniversary, but if he lives as long as Methuselah he will still be the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," the brave boy who led the attack at that battle, saved his captain's life and captured a Confederate colonel. It all happened in about sixty seconds on the famous field of Shiloh, a fierce charge of the Thirtieth Indiana volunteer skirmishers on the flank of a rebel battery. Will Merchon was the trumpeter, detailed from the drum corps, and, rushing through a dense underbrush, came out a few feet ahead of his company. The boy's heart stood still as he found himself in the presence of a rebel colonel, who was on horseback reconnoitering the field. He instantly covered the boy with his revolver and commanded him to surrender. Merchon threw up his hands, showing he was unarmed.

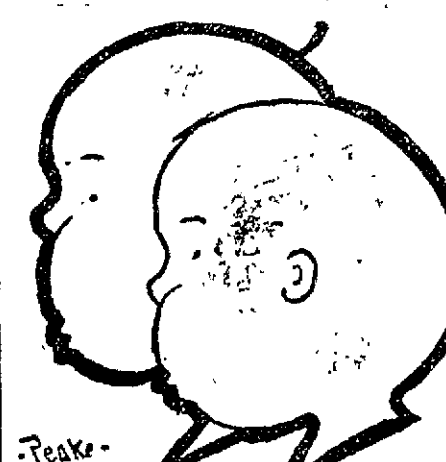
At this instant Merchon's captain sprang from the thicket, and the Confederate, thinking the boy was weaponless, immediately covered the Federal officer, but as he made the movement Merchon drew a revolver from his hip pocket and got the drop on the colonel.

It was a dramatic tableau, and the boys in blue, who at that moment swung into line, rolled on the ground and kicked up their heels in an ecstasy of delight as the youthful trumpeter ordered the gray headed officer to surrender. The crestfallen southerner obeyed, and the captain ordered him taken to the rear. The charge was continued and the battery captured, a lieutenant colonel, a major and the colonel being taken prisoners.

But Merchon received injuries that eventually put him on the veteran reserve corps, as, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a shell exploded on the ground on his right. He threw himself on his face and escaped being torn to pieces, though he was seriously injured on hip and spine.

That night as the soldiers gathered around the campfire the story was told of the plucky little bugler being a prisoner for half a minute and then saving his captain's life by capturing his captor. In honor of his extraordinary exploits he was nicknamed the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," and when he won the reputation of being the finest drummer in Uncle Sam's service he bore no other name in the army of the Cumberland and the army of the Tennessee.

The Difference.



We are twins, if you please,
As like as two peas,
And the way to tell one from the other
Is by my blond hair,
Long, silky and rare,
While totally bald is my brother.
—Harvey Drake in Chicago Record-Herald.

Would Do Better.

A little fellow six years old was showing a visitor his drawing book containing pictures labeled "a bird," "a horse," "These are my worst ones," he explained.

"Indeed," replied Mr. Smith, "and where are the others?" "I haven't drawn 'em yet," answered young hopeful.

An Inference.

The Professor—Yes, a caterpillar is the most voracious living thing. In a month it will eat about 600 times its own weight.

Dear Mrs. Ernot—Whose boy did you say he was?

A REPUTATION.

How It Was Made and Retained in Portsmouth.

A good reputation is not easily earned, and it was only by hard, consistent work among our citizens that Doan's Kidney Pills won their way to the proud distinction attained in this locality. The public endorsement by scores of Portsmouth residents has rendered invaluable service to the community. Read what this citizen says:

Mr. A. P. Blake, of 23 High street, says: "I had distressing pain in my back, dizziness and headaches and an annoying urinary difficulty. I went to Philbrick's pharmacy and got Doan's Kidney Pills for it, and they gave me great relief. I had an accident which injured my spine and my physician tells me that it is incurable, consequently I cannot hope for a permanent cure, but I will say this, that by taking half a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, I was relieved of my backache and the urinary difficulty. I gave the balance of the box to my son, who was troubled with kidney complaint. They did him so much good that he went and got more, and they cured him."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster—Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

OLIVER W. HAM,

(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)

60 Market Street.

Furniture Dealer

—AND—

Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover street, or at residence, cor. New Vaughan street and Baynes avenue.

Telephone 59-2.

Constantly Increasing Sales Since 1874

Tells the story of the great success of the

7-20-4

10c CIGAR.

Little Gold Dust

A clear Havana filled

5c CIGAR

By the same manufacturer, is also a great favorite.

For Sale by All First Class Dealers.

H. W. NICKERSON,

LICENSED EMBALMER

—AND—

FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

5 Daniel St. Portsmouth.

Calls by night at residence, 9 Millie avenue, or 11 Gates street, will receive prompt attention. Telephone at office and residence.

W.E. Paul RANGES

—AND—

PARLOR STOVES

—AND—

KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

Everything to be found in a First Class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as Tinware (both grades), Enamelled Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Wringers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c Counters.

Please consider that in this line will be found some of the Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gifts

39 to 45 Market Street

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE

WOMAN'S WORLD.

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR WOMEN IN THE PINE TREE STATE.

She Learns In A Tank—Women and Dramas—Gowns For the Plaza—A Southern Girl Orator—The Topaz Reigns.

The governor of Maine is always an interesting personality, no matter who he may be. He is always a man who is nominated and elected for other in addition to political reasons. But the wife of the governor of Maine is a woman who is not often known outside of her immediate circle. The social functions of the governor of Maine are not numerous.

The wife of the present governor of Maine, Mrs. Hill, is, however, a woman who would grace any circle. She is a fine type of New England womanhood. Everybody in Maine is proud of her. The other day there was a great gathering of Maine people at Poland Spring.



ring of Maine people at Poland Spring. Governor Hill and his wife were there. The young generation of the old state was also there, but Mrs. Hill, it was remarked, was the most striking woman in the multitude. This was not alone because she is the wife of the governor of Maine, but because of her splendid womanhood. If Mrs. Hill made up her mind that she wanted her husband to go to the United States senate, she would doubtless succeed.—New York World.

She Learns In A Tank.
This summer's girl will know how to swim if one may judge by the number of young women to be found in the Turkish bath tanks at unusually early hours in the morning practicing fancy strokes or sometimes taking lessons from an attendant.

Oddly enough, these girls say they learn more quickly in the tanks than at the regular swimming schools. At the schools most of the teachers use cork floats or trolley bells, and for some reason or other women fail to gain confidence while they have these artificial supports.

"I don't believe in the cork floats," said a Turkish bath attendant who numbers many New York women among her swimming pupils. "They give some aid in acquiring the proper movements, but they fail to give the learner confidence in herself at the very beginning. Once she has learned with a belt she must begin and learn all over again without it."

"The best way is to learn in a tank before going into deep water at all. The very first lesson in swimming is to make the pupil confident. If she strikes out in a tank, she knows that if she goes under she has only to pick herself up again."

"Sometimes I have stretched a rope half way across the tank and have shown the learner that it is possible to reach it from the steps by pushing the foot back against the steps as one starts. Once this has been done successfully and the swimmer has caught the rope at the end of the drive she has learned an important lesson—that is, that the water will bear her up if the body is properly poised."

"Women learn to swim easily enough, but they are slow in acquiring style. They will not go slowly enough, and they never, or at least very rarely, understand the impetus that sends the body along through the water. They depend too much on the hands and legs. But style in swimming means much besides being graceful, for it indicates courage, coolness, self confidence and a thorough enjoyment of the exercise."

"Women soon learn to use their arms gracefully, but their leg movements are wild and terrible. To cure this I have often had swimmers hold on to the side rail of the tank and practice the leg stroke only. Sometimes I take the pupil's feet in my hands and move the limbs automatically in the proper time, counting for each movement. After guiding the pupil in this way she will count as she swims alone and finally master the motion."

"The grace of a swimmer largely depends on the power and sweep of her stroke. The hands, pointed directly ahead, should be held together while the swimmer counts one slowly after bringing the finger tips in touch. Resting on the stroke for this one moment allows the body to drive ahead from the impetus given by the kick. Most women part the hands immediately on touching them and thus waste force and retard their progress."—New York Sun.

Women and Dramas.
It doesn't seem possible that in this enlightened age superstition could be rife among the educated, but there are nevertheless a number of young women who converse fluently, if not eloquently, in three languages and who read Spenser and Browning and Emerson, but who place a dreambook with their Bible on the table beside the bed and consult it in the morning the first thing.

With a credulity, worthy, a negro

mammy, if their sleep has been visited with unusual visitors they seize this volume as soon as their eyes are fairly opened and look for an explanation. If misfortune is foretold by it, the seeker after knowledge assumes a bravado she is far from feeling. "I don't care," she says to herself by way of bolstering up her courage. "I'm not superstitious, anyway, and I don't believe in such arrant nonsense." But she's nervous just the same for days, until other troubles have driven this mythical one out of her mind.

There's one young woman known to the writer who never dreams of a young child without shivering and shaking for days after in fear of some dreadful thing happening to her. She has not consulted a dreambook on the subject, and so she doesn't know how infants and bad luck became connected in her mind, but nevertheless, after she has had a visitant of this sort while sleeping, she says prayers of unusual length and then makes up her mind to be patient under afflictions sore. She is an intelligent woman, mind you, but she doesn't attempt to explain the terror that besets her at this particular dream. She doesn't call her superstitions—of course, no woman does, not even the one who won't walk under a ladder—but her friends do and make light of her until she exposes some fetich of theirs, when the subject is carefully avoided afterward.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Gowns For the Plaza.

In making a choice of summer models for plaza gowns one has every right to lay a claim to the chief d'oeuvre of the couturiere's art. The freedom of a choice like this means a great deal to the summer girl. Never before has summer dress seemed quite so seductive. Can the athletic girl forego the temptation and content herself with a half dozen or more duck skirts and a score of spick and span skirt waists this summer while her more coquettish sister revels in these bewitching confessions? One is confronted with an embarrassment of choice among styles this season. The angular woman may favor the flounced and tucked skirt and claim all that she desires in front effects. The all too plump woman may have the upper part of her skirt made on glove fitting principles and reverse all of the adornment of the lower part. In matters of sleeve and corsage the same expensive rule holds good. After all, to strive for becomingness is the duty that lies nearest, says the Montreal Star.

We are simply dazed by the quantity, the bewitching quality of the quantity, of gauzy summer fabrics. A great many of our old, tried and trusted are with us again, but boast enough change in their warp and weave to entitle a little change in the termination of their names. Gauzine claims a bit more stammina than gauze. Mulline for the same reason is superior to mull.

Organdy again claims recognition. It boasts designs as delicate as the most exquisite seen on the hand painted gauzes and is a delightful material to make up for plaza gowns.

A Southern Girl Orator.

One of the most notable events of the recent state convention of United Confederate Veterans at Columbia, S. C., was the address of welcome delivered at the opening session in Columbia theater by Miss Elizabeth Lumpkin, a Georgia girl, but now a resident of Columbia. The theater was packed with an audience of not less than 2,000 people, largely old soldiers, and on the stage were such famous soldiers as Generals Wade Hampton and John B. Gordon. After several other speeches had been made Miss Lumpkin, a young woman dressed in white and with roses in her hair, was introduced as "a Georgia girl now living here, who would welcome the visitors to her adopted home."

The oration which followed took the house by storm. An eyewitness relates that the chief justice of South Carolina, who was present, sat with tears streaming down his face during the pathetic parts of the address. "I cannot thank you enough for coming, you Georgians," said Miss Lumpkin at one point in her speech. "They call me a 'Georgia cracker,' but little do they know how proud I am of the title. Give me a horse and the knowledge that I am a 'Georgia cracker,' and I'll ride the world down for you." The south has long been noted as the home of great orators, but until now all such have been members of the sterner sex.

In Miss Lumpkin, however, there is an instance of a daughter of the south who seems as richly endowed with the oratorical gift as any of the sons have ever been.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Topaz Reigns.

Last winter the fashionable woman who could not possess a pearl or two in her jewel box felt that all the world stood awry. Every woman she knew wore pearls set in some form or other, and during the craze diamonds for a time lost their prestige.

Just now jewelers are polishing up and setting their supply of topazes, for the time seems ripe for a reappearance of the golden stone. Topazes must be set with amethysts and sapphires to give the good effect of contrasts. Sapphires more particularly will be favored, so nearly does the blue match the glowing purple of the cornflower.

The jeweler's windows show topazes wonderfully set in ornaments of chintilly carved tortoise shell, combs fretted out as fine as lacework and sprinkled everywhere with topazes in every shade, from pale straw color to deepest yellow.

Tortoise shell is the chosen setting for the new favorite, and besides the fancy combs wonderful bracelets are being made of the richly colored shell. Scarcely bracelets or bangles are these new ornaments, but old fashioned arm-

lets that clasp the white members above the elbows.

Won Job and Husband.
When the proprietors of drug stores first began to employ women prescription clerks, the men did not propose to stand this infringement on their territory if they could help it.

In one case of this kind in New York city the male clerks first demurred and carried the report of their resolution to their employer, who had engaged what they derisively termed the "woman prescription." Ultimately they all refused to work unless the young woman was discharged.

The woman in question was young, courageous and capable. When the proprietor told her, she promptly replied that she hoped to stay if he were satisfied with her accuracy in filling prescriptions. She remained. The men, feeling that they must act up to the requirements of their joint resolution, all left. Their places were filled without the least trouble, and the proprietor found the "woman prescription" such a valuable thing that he secured it as his patent right by marrying the girl. He now has a faithful and competent partner as well as a first class prescription clerk.—House Magazine.

About Summer Diet.

A physician who has reduced the science of health to a system of diet and exercise, with abundant bathing, declares that no meats, excepting lamb and chicken, should be eaten in hot weather, to which list, however, he adds fresh fish. Certain it is that much meat is unnecessary for even laboring men with the mercury among the nineties. The lazy West Indian negro grows fat on coconuts and bananas, the East Indian coolie toils all day long on his rations of rice. The hardy Arab conquered the world on a diet of dates and barley bread and ceased to be the terror of Europe only when he found such fare too simple for his taste. Cereal and milk for breakfast, bread and eggs with fruit for luncheon, soup and vegetables, with little or no meat, and a salad, may be the chief of the summer diet, in which there is sufficient nutriment. Oatmeal as a cereal is too heating to the blood to be advised. In fact, heavy workers, such as farmers, are alone the people for whom a steady diet of oatmeal is wholesome.

Growth of Day Nurseries.

One of the significant facts of city life is the growth of the day nurseries. They have grown at the rate of 200 per cent in the last five or six years. Originally intended for the babies of widows, it is found that 90 per cent of the children in day nurseries have both parents living. The mother is obliged to go out to work because her husband is out of work or is ill and cannot work or is dissipated.

Even with the rapid increase in the number of day nurseries there is always a surplus of applicants. Whether this indicates that more and more married women are becoming wage earners as well as housekeepers, whether it means that more and more fathers cannot support their families or that they are losing their sense of responsibility in the matter and do not try, is an interesting question.—Harper's Bazar.

Women Artists at London Academy.

No fewer than 270 women artists are represented this year at the Royal Academy in London by works in oil, water color, black and white, marble or metal. This is a falling off of about 20 from last year's exhibit, but this is not surprising when it is understood that the total works of all kinds in the present academy is only 1,823 as compared with 2,057 last year. The women's exhibit consists of 150 miniatures, 118 paintings in oil, 55 water colors and pastels, 20 works of various kinds in black and white and 28 examples in the sculpture galleries. One of the most admired of all the works in this year's academy, either by men or women, is Mrs. M. L. Waller's "Bobby Abernethy." It is described as a "sympathetic study of childhood" by the critics and declared to be clever.—Chicago Tribune.

The New "Economy" Trick.

It is a wise husband who gives his wife only new bills fresh from the bank. There are many wives who are always kept in fresh bills, and perhaps no one has surmised that there was method in this. It is a woman who has given the man away at last.

"I spend twice as much money when I have old bills as when I have new," she says. "I simply hate those dirty old bills. I can't bear to have them in my purse, and I take the first opportunity to get rid of them. When I have new money, it is so crisp and clean that it is a pleasure in itself, and I think twice before I buy anything which will take it away from me."

Sarah's Accomplishments.

Sarah Bernhardt's accomplishments are so numerous and varied that one is quite bewildered at so much talent in an individual. But, then, there is only one Sarah on this little planet. She is a painter and sculptor of merit. At the exhibition of 1900 one of her most pathetic pieces of sculpture was called "Après le Tempete." She has written several plays, which have been brought out in Paris, and is also the author of a variety of books, including novels. When at her country house at Belle-Ile-sur-Mer, in Brittany, she is found fishing and boating when she is not playing tennis or cycling.

The Turquoise.

The turquoise just now is enjoying any amount of popularity. Those who cannot afford the real stone buy imitations. They are worn in the hair, at the throat or waist and sometimes on the black patent leather slippers. Lace is studded with the small turquoise, and—well, no, we have not yet begun to fill our teeth with them.

THE COST OF A SONG.

Over and over and over the songs of our life are sung,
The same today as in ages gray when first the lute was strung.
The same today as in ages gray the singer's high-art
Is to sing of man and the soul of man from the depths of the human heart.

To sing the song that lingers in his heart from that far day
When men were brave and women fair and life was in its May
Is the singer's part of gladness when he gives his soul to man
In a song that lives because sweet pain has changed his earlier plan.

The hawk, the harvest and the bin and all life's spreading plain
To the singer must be singing if he man's soul would gain.
Man in his soul unsatisfied strives for what cannot be;
He grasps at a star and holds in his hand a drop from the sounding sea.

Over and over and over, since the towers of time were old;
Over and over and over, since the cloud gave the sun its gold,
Over and over and over, since the lines of our lives began,
Has man gone out from the marching host to sing of the soul of man.

The singer who sang of the pyramid's prime has gone the ways of men,
But the sun and moon and human heart are just the same as then.
The heart of man is a restless sea of varied star and clime,
And only when its depths are stirred comes song on the shores of time.

Over and over and over, since wrong had realm and state;
Over and over and over, since the shades on the living wait;
Over and over and over, since the slings of sun in the rain,
The chosen of God are bringing the voice of song from pain.

—James Riley in Yonkers Statesman.

THE ROOKIES.

A TALE OF WAR.

"Holy gorillas!" exclaimed the major, looking askance at the file of rookies who had just halted in a ragged line before him. "Is this what I left my stool for? I was tired of that stool, too, but I didn't know what was before me. No, I didn't know!"

The major glanced down the file again and sized them up. First came a pale faced boy in store clothes and a collared collar. Beside him stood the huge bulk of a longshoreman, next the nervous, wiry frame of a cow puncher, next a fat boy who for all the world might have just stepped out from between the covers of some musty copy of "Pickwick Papers," next a youth with a handsome pair of black eyes and fine frank face, next a lank fellow of twenty odd years with the look and the lean of a mountaineer, next—

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the major. "An Indian, if I'm alive! And this is what I'm up against! For heaven's sake, sergeant, take 'em away. Anywhere—yes, to the barracks or to the devil, if you wish; but the next time you bring 'em out have 'em in khaki or I'll go mad."

The sergeant saluted and dragged the batch across the green to what the major had called the barracks. These were six rows of milk white tents perched upon the crest of the greenest of hills, and that day they were silhouetted against the bluest of blue skies and a deeper blue sea.

The major stood for a time gazing dependently after the batch, but when he caught sight of the blue sea and sky his face brightened, and with a spring in his steps and a song on his lips he climbed to the hilltop to one side of the camp, sat down on a boulder and gazed seaward. The sun warmed the major's back, the beauty that spread before him warmed his heart, and soon he stretched out upon the ground with a small stone as a pillow and went to sleep. By and by, how long does not matter, he was awakened by voices and beheld before him the rookies sitting in solemn conclave a little way down the hill. The pale faced boy was speaking.

"He ain't much for looks."

"G'wan," interrupted the longshoreman. "Did ye mind thim harrums o' hisn an' the snap in thim goggles? Did ye mind 'em? I ask ye. Well, ye kin look out for 'im ef—ef, mind ye, phwat O'm tellin ye—we gits into onny fightin'."

The cowpuncher opined of the major words too dreadful to print. They were so unusual that even the longshoreman, he of the picturesque verbiage, was shocked into swallowing his quid without a gasp and dropping his pipe.

It was the fat boy's turn, but he only snored. Then the black eyed youth spoke up.

"Tom," he said to the cowpuncher, with a sly twinkle in his eyes, "we wouldn't mind your cursing if we could only understand what you said. Won't you say it over again?"

The longshoreman aroused at that, and, stretching his long arm, he grasped the cow puncher by the collar and asked:

"Was it that little major ye was cussin' in that way? Ef it was, jest ye swallow it. Mind ye, darlin', it's Mike O'Doolin o' the Red Shtar loine phwats a-talkin to ye, mind."

Then Mike dropped the cowpuncher, who fumbled around his hip pocket for a moment and then lay still.

The black eyed youth grasped Mike's hand, and the talk passed to the mountaineer.

"Be he a revenue man?" he asked. "I've shot at a many a one of 'em, but never met 'em face to face."

The cowpuncher looked gratefully at the mountaineer, and that time his hand lay upon his hip pocket meditatively.

"Rifle?" he asked.

"Yep," said the mountaineer.

A moment of silence, and the Indian

glanced from one to the other, grunted and rolled over to sleep, with his head resting upon the upturned stomach of the fat boy. This act sent the major into a fit of laughter. He could not get up if he would, so he began to roll down the hill as he had done many a time in his boyhood, and presently he landed against the guy ropes of his own tent in "officers' row." The next time that the major looked upon the file of rookies it was with keen interest.

Now, between the major and this file of rookies came a captain, two lieutenants, the usual complement of sergeants and a corporal or two. Of all these none is of any account in this yarn except the first sergeant, because he trained the rookies and made them what they were when they and the major came to a perfect understanding. In the meantime the captain had bit the dust at the stroke of a Mauter bullet, one of the lieutenants had died of fever, and the other one had disappeared. As for the other fellows, no sergeant but a first sergeant is any good for a year, and a corporal—his good for nothing at all.

This sergeant was named Grimes. How old he was no one but he knew. He was a soldier, though, every inch of him, and when the scratch came it was he who played lieutenant to the major. That came about because when the battalion deployed on the morning of that memorable day in the jungle on the banks of Hell river Grimes' company took the center of line. It was then that the sergeant and the major had a tiff.

"Major," said Grimes, "git out o' the way o' fire when their regulations say as ye must. In there where ye be ye'll be killed."

"I will not, Grimes," said the major. "Did I get behind when we chased Geronimo?"

The sergeant gave a sardonic grin. "That ye did not, major. God bless ye, but ye've got to this time."

With that Grimes circled the major's waist with his arms and made to bear him to the rear, while the company lay smothering in the pampas, burning inward with desire to be up and at the run behind the sickly yellow flag that flopped beyond the hill.

"Kiddle him, they calls it, eh?" said Mike, the longshoreman, to the black eyed youth.

"Hissit, phwat's that?"

This time it was the major speaking. "You knew I'd do it, Grimes," he said, "but you wouldn't heed."

"By the 40 articles, it's your right," said Grimes, spitting out a discarded tooth, "but ye are behind me line."

And he was, but the best Grimes could do could not make the major lie down. The line lay between Hell river and the hill, a thousand miles or more from the hill where we left them awhile ago, with the rookies on one side snoring in the summer sun and the major rolling down the other side threatening at every turn to burst his waistband with the laughter he was holding in. They were in another clime, too, under a sun that burned like a scourge. Mosquitoes? No, they were Mauter bullets, clipping at the tops of the pampas grasses, scattering the delicate blossoms on the heads of the fig. Behind them were other files, some of them wading Hell river knee deep in mud and shoulder deep in water. But that didn't save them, for the fellows behind the yellow flag on the hilltop had got the range, and almost every minute some of them went down to settle there in a sliny grave. Some cried out, others only groaned. Some were silent and just sank, arms, haversacks and all, to join the roll of the "missing after the fight."

But not one of the file in the front looked like a rookie. The fat boy was nearly as fat as ever, and his little pig eyes gleamed savagely as he strove to get two flat fingers inside his trigger guard at once. Now and then one of them swore. It was always the cowpuncher first, until he laid down his gun and crawled to the rear. A Mauter took him in the skull. One kick, and he lay still.

The lank rookie shuddered, and, impelled by an impulse he did not understand, he rose to bring the cowpuncher back.

Zing, zing, zing, zing! "Listen to thim!" sang out the black eyed boy. Down went the lank boy, his brains spilling into his hat. Then there were five of them.

Where all the rest of the company was only they and maybe their officers knew. The pampas hid everything. They might have charged. History says they did, but there is a dispute on a point of precedence in the matter. Some say that the seven rookies and the major and Grimes were left behind, but the major said no, and what were left of the lot agree with him.

It was the mountaineer's turn to go, it seemed, after the others had quit the fight. He saw those two lying side by side, and his nervous force left him. But he was no coward. He did not shrink, as he might have done and often had doubtless. He got a good grip on his Krag, staggered up until his great length raised him even above the tops of the pampas. Then he doubled up like a jackknife, clapped his hand to his throat and rolled over, with his head next to the Indian's ribs.

"God!" said Mike and glanced down the file. There were beside him the Indian, the fat boy and Steve, with his black eyes flashing. They said nothing more, but lay listening to the major and Grimes, who were at it again.

"Now, with Geronimo!" Grimes was saying, "we didn't have to wait for no orders. We got 'em first them days, eh, major? It's heads we wants. I'll come, major, an' afore long they'll be after makin major generals an' sitch 'n' sargeants. Sargeants, I tell ye, be ye listenin to me?"

Just then came a tremendous shouting to the left. The big guns began to boom, and overhead the remnant of the major's file saw the shells sail and

burst. One of them exploded directly overhead, and the fat boy yelled.

"Keep it up, young un!" cried Grimes. "I'll do ye good."

The major began to get excited, and Grimes, watching him eagerly, whispered to the file:

"Git yer knees under ye, boys. If ye fall us, it'll be worse'n a settin' up y'all get when the day's over." They got their knees under them, those four, and lay ready to spring. Grimes could not keep his superior down, try as he would, and when a hoarse shout sounded near them and a white haired old man, alone and on foot, broke through the grass before them, the major shouted, "Charge!" and disappeared.

Up they all went, but they fired never a shot until the slope of the hill brought them up, when, if they had looked back, they would have seen Hell river, wading its sinuous way amid the tangle, bearing on its muddy surface a straying and melancholy fleet of empty campaign hats, sole signs of those who had worn them. But there was no such thing as stopping until they were entangled in the barbed wire guard, half way up, where they stood in the line supremely helpless, but supremely heroes. Not one had a knife save his bayonet. But there flopped the yellow flag, looking green now, in the rising mist of the smokeless powder. How it mocked them only they can know. They clubbed their rifles and beat the tangled wires down. Then they ran, tumbling, choking and crying, until the new turned clouds on the earthworks beneath the flag met their eyes. The major flung up his arms, and the five—the sergeant had picked up the mountaineer's rifle—dropped down and fired. One volley rang out, then another, another and yet two more, and they paused to load again.

A bugle called the charge, and, still crumpling the cartridges home, the little band rushed on. Another bugle call, and Grimes yelled:

"At 'em, at 'em, at 'em, or we'll get left!"

Then they were where the mist and the smell of the fight held them complete. One more vol, and their feet would be on dead earth. Grimes waved his rifle over his head, and the four rookies formed a phalanx. In a time of peace Grimes would have laughed at the show they made. Funny? Granted, but funny as grief is when a man's laugh grates and makes your blood run cold.

Then they marked time to the rhythmical swish of Grimes' rifle, with the bullets cutting the air between their very elbows.

"Charge!" cried the major, and Grimes' rifle pumped his forehead in a salute. And the phalanx charged evenly, step by step, stride by stride, until the major gave a yell that had been Geronimo's and their feet were upon the yellow clouds.

"Fire!" yelled Grimes. Five volleys blazed forth, and in a twinkling there was not a yellow face to be seen before them, for the trench was empty.

There had been six of them at that supreme moment, and some hours later there were only four, but then the sun had gone down, and in the faroff sky over the water the first lone star of the Southern Cross burned like a watch lantern against the blue black sky.

All about them the campfires burned, and over the hill and valleys hummed the sounds of thousands of men resting on their arms. The four had dug two graves just outside the breastworks between the trench and Hell river, and in them they laid with reverent hands the bodies of the two heroes—the fat boy and the Indian. Then they covered them over with the yellow earth and left them where they had fallen just outside the works at the moment of victory.

"What a death to die!" said Steve to the major, and in reply, while Mike Grimes and Steve stood with uncovered heads, the major lifted his face to the stars and uttered Geronimo's yell.

Then they lay down to sleep.—New York Sun.

Her Compliment.

"Talk about your corduroy roads," said a young actress who played here recently, "just let me tell you about the jolt the chambermaid dealt me the other morning. She has been letting me overdraw my towel account right along, so I felt that I was due to show my appreciation, and I gave her a pass to the show. She had a seat just to leeward of the orchestra leader, and I copped her out for my bulseye the minute I came on. I don't want to give myself a curtain call, but I do get going the minute I cut in to that part, and there's something doing the whole time I am on the stage. I worked overtime last night, showing that chambermaid the real thing. I was it. I was the whole programme, with footnotes. I made the hit of my life. This morning I met her in the hall."

"Did you enjoy the performance last night?" I asked, giving her the cue to hand me out a few well chosen testimonials.

"Oh, yes," said she. "I thought it was lovely."

"Did you?" I asked, getting ready to bow my thanks.

"My, yes," she went on. "I liked it ever so much. The scenery was just perfectly grand."—Washington Post.

Didn't Change the Name.

A man named Palmer a long time ago made the English town of Rugeley notorious by an atrocious murder, and a deputation of the inhabitants waited on the home secretary with a petition for leave to change the name. The minister hesitated and asked what name they proposed to substitute. They replied that they had not decided.

"What do you say," he said, "to taking my name?" They expressed their unqualified delight and obtained the home secretary's consent to this method of obliterating the memory of the obnoxious Palmer. The home secretary in question was Lord Palmerston.

The town is still known as Rugeley.

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OSTON & MAINE R. R.

EASTERN DIVISION

Arrangement, In Effect June 24

Leave Portsmouth
Boston, 3:50, 7:30, 7:55, 8:15, 10:55, 11:05 a.m.; 1:35, 2:21, 3:05, 5:00, 6:35, 7:23 p.m. Sunday, 8:30, 9:00 a.m., 2:21, 5:00 p.m.
Portland, 9:55, 10:45 a.m., 3:45, 8:50, 11:20 p.m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45 a.m., 8:50, 11:30 p.m.
Wells Beach, 9:55 a.m., 2:45, 5:22 p.m. Sunday, 9:30 a.m.
Old Orchard and Portland, 9:55 a.m., 2:45, 5:22 p.m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45 a.m.
North Conway, 9:55, 11:16 a.m., 3:00 p.m.
Somersworth, 4:50, 9:45, 9:55, 11:16 a.m., 2:40, 3:00, 5:23, 5:30 p.m. Sunday, 8:30 a.m., 1:30, 5:00, 8:52 p.m.
Rochester, 9:45, 9:55, 11:16 a.m., 2:40, 3:00, 5:22, 5:30 p.m. Sunday, 8:30 p.m.
Dover, 4:50, 9:45 a.m., 12:25, 2:40, 5:22, 8:52 p.m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45 a.m., 1:30, 5:00, 8:52 p.m.
North Hampton and Hampton, 7:30, 7:35, 8:15, 11:05 a.m., 1:35, 2:21, 5:00 p.m. Sunday, 8:00 a.m., 2:21, 5:00, 6:35 p.m.
Leaves Portsmouth
Boston, 6:00, 7:30, 9:00, 9:40, 10:10, 11:20 a.m., 1:30, 3:15, 3:40, 4:45, 7:00, 9:45 p.m. Sunday, 4:30, 8:20, 9:00 a.m., 6:40, 7:00, 9:45 p.m.
Portland, 2:40, 9:00 a.m., 12:45, 1:40, 6:00 p.m. Sunday, 2:00 a.m., 12:45 p.m.
North Conway, 7:25, 10:40 a.m., 3:15 p.m.
Rochester, 7:19, 9:47 a.m., 12:49, 5:30 p.m. Sunday, 7:00 a.m.
Somersworth, 6:35, 7:32, 10:00 a.m., 1:02, 5:44 p.m. Sunday, 12:30, 4:12, 6:55 p.m.
Dover, 6:55, 10:24 a.m., 1:40, 4:25, 9:30, 9:40 p.m. Sunday, 7:30 a.m., 12:45, 4:25, 9:20 p.m.
Hampton, 7:55, 9:22, 11:58 a.m., 2:13, 4:26, 5:59, 6:16 p.m. Sunday, 6:26, 10:06 a.m., 8:09 p.m.
North Hampton, 8:02, 9:28, 12:04 a.m., 2:19, 4:31, 5:05, 6:21 p.m. Sunday, 6:30, 10:12 a.m., 8:15 p.m.
Greenland, 8:08, 9:36 a.m., 12:13, 2:25, 5:11, 6:27 p.m. Sunday, 6:35, 10:18 a.m., 8:20 p.m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

Leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth, 8:30 a.m.; 12:45, 5:25 p.m.
Seaboard Village, 8:39 a.m.; 12:54, 5:35 p.m.
Jokingham Junction, 9:07 a.m.; 1:07, 5:58 p.m.
Plymouth, 9:22 a.m.; 1:21, 6:14 p.m.
Lyndon, 9:32 a.m.; 1:32, 6:25 p.m.
Leaves
Concord, 7:45, 10:25 a.m.; 8:30 p.m.
Manchester, 8:10, 11:10 a.m.; 4:20 p.m.
Lyndon, 9:10, 11:48 a.m.; 5:02 p.m.
Plymouth, 9:22 a.m.; 12:00 p.m.; 5:15 p.m.
Jokingham Junction, 9:47 a.m., 12:17, 5:55 p.m.
Seaboard Village, 10:01 a.m., 12:29, 6:08 p.m.
Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Baverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Seaboard, Seaboard, St. Johnsbury, Exeter, Vt., Montreal and the west. North Hampton only.
Information given, through ticket agent and baggage checked to all points, at the station.
D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

York Harbor & Beach R. R.

Leave Portsmouth, 7:50, 11:20 a.m., 12:45, 3:07, 4:55, 6:45 p.m.
Leave York Beach, 6:45, 9:50 a.m., 12:10, 1:25, 4:10, 5:50 p.m.
D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

S. NAVY FERRY LAUNCH NO. 132

GOVERNMENT BOAT FOR GOVERNMENT BUSINESS.

Leaves Navy Yard—8:20, 8:40, 9:15, 9:40, 10:30, 11:45 a.m.; 1:35, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 5:45, 7:45 p.m. Sundays, 9:00, 10:15 a.m., 12:15, 12:35 p.m. Holidays, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a.m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8:30, 9:50, 9:30, 11:00 a.m., 12:15, 1:45, 2:15, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:00, 10:00 p.m. Sundays, 9:07, a.m., 12:05, 12:25, 12:45 p.m. Holidays, 10:00, 11:00 a.m., 12:00 p.m.

Wednesdays and Saturdays

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SUNDAY SERVICES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. L. H. Thayer, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school in the chapel at 12:00. Young people's meeting at 6:45 p.m. Vesper service at 7:30. All are welcome.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. George W. Gile, pastor. Services at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday school in the chapel at 12:00. Prayer meetings Tuesdays and Fridays at 7:45 p.m. All are invited.

FREEDOM BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. Robert L. Dutton, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a.m. Sunday school at 11:45 a.m. Junior Christian Endeavor meeting at 3:00 p.m. Prayer meeting at 7:30 p.m. Christian Endeavor meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer and social meeting Friday evening.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Court street, Rev. F. H. Gardiner, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00. Young people's meeting at 6:30 p.m. Evening service at 7:30. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting on Tuesday evening and prayer meeting on Friday evening at 7:30. All are welcome.

OLD ST. JOHN'S CHURCH—EPISCOPAL.

Church hill, Rev. Henry E. Hoyer, pastor. Sunday, at 10:30 a.m., morning prayer, litany and sermon. Holy communion, first Sunday in every month and the greater festivals, 12:00 a.m. Holy days, 8:30 a.m. Evensong, Sunday, 8:00 p.m. Fridays, Ember days, in chapel at 5:00 p.m. Parish Sunday school in chapel at 3:00 p.m. At the evening service, both in church and chapel, the seats are free. At all the services strangers are cordially welcomed and provided for.

CHRIST CHURCH—EPISCOPAL.

Madison street, head of Austin street, Rev. Charles LeV. Brune, pastor. On Sundays, holy communion at 7:30, matins or holy communion at 10:30 a.m., Sunday school at 12:00 a.m., evensong at 7:30 p.m. On week days, matins (daily) at 9:00 a.m., evensong (daily) at 5:00, on Friday, evensong at 7:30 p.m., holy communion, Thursday at 7:30 a.m., on holy days, holy communion at 7:30, matins at 9:00 a.m., evensong at 7:30 p.m. Seats free and unappropriated. Good music. All welcome.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

State street, Rev. Thomas Whitehead, pastor. Morning prayer at 10:00. Preaching service at 10:30 a.m. Sunday school at 12:00. Epworth League meeting at 6:00 p.m. Prayer meeting at 7:30 p.m. All are cordially invited.

CHURCH OF CHRIST—UNIVERSALIST.

Pleasant street, corner Jenkins ave. Rev. George E. Leighton, pastor. Morning prayer and sermon at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00. Administration of the holy sacrament the first Sunday in the month at 11:45 a.m. Good music. Y. P. C. U. meetings every Sunday evening at 6:30 in the vestry. Strangers are especially welcome.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Rev. Alfred Gooding, pastor. Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00. All are invited.

ADVENT CHURCH.

C. M. Seaman, pastor. Social service at 10:30 a.m. Preaching at 2:45 and 7:30 p.m. Sunday school at 12:00. Prayer service at 7:15 p.m. All are invited.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Rev. Patrick J. Finnegan, pastor. Services at 8:30 and 10:30 a.m. Vespers at 3:00 p.m.

Y. M. C. A.

William Frederic Hoehn, general secretary. Association rooms open from 9:00 to 9:30 p.m. Man's meeting, Sunday, at 8:30 p.m. All are welcome.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH.

Rev. R. L. Harris, pastor. Services from 11 to 12 every Sunday morning. Sunday school at 9 p.m. Praise meeting at 7:30 p.m. Preaching at 8 p.m. Young people's meeting on Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock. Cottage meetings on Friday evenings at 8 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend these services, which are free to all.

SALVATION ARMY.

Meetings will be held all day in the hall on Market street. Hall drill at 7:30 a.m. Holiness meeting at 10:00 a.m. Free and easy at 3:00 p.m. Salvation meeting at 8:00 p.m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Fay Block, Room 5. Services Sunday at 11:00 a.m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. All are invited.

SECOND METHODIST CHURCH, KITTERY.

Rev. E. J. Andrews, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a.m. Sunday school at 12:00. Epworth League meeting at 6:00 p.m. Evening service at 7:00. All are cordially invited.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, KITTERY.

Rev. Elbridge Gerry, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 a.m. Sunday school at 12:00. Prayer meeting at 7:00 p.m.

SECOND CHRISTIAN CHURCH, KITTERY.

Rev. Mr. Hall, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a.m. Sunday school at 11:45 a.m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 8:00 p.m. Prayer meeting at 7:00 p.m. All are welcome.

ADVENT CHRISTIAN CHURCH, SOUTH ELIOT.

Rev. Geo. W. Brown, pastor. Sunday school at 10:00 a.m. Prayer meeting at 11:30 a.m. Preaching at 2:00 and 7:30 p.m. All are welcome.

SECOND METHODIST CHURCH, SOUTH ELIOT.

Rev. Elbridge Gerry, pastor. Sunday school at 1:00 p.m. Preaching at 2:00 p.m. Prayer meeting at 7:30 p.m.

There was a heavy frost on Thursday night.

HUMORS OF BANKING.

FUNNY INCIDENTS RELATED BY MEN IN THE BUSINESS.

A Farmer Who Was Glad That He Didn't Want to Borrow For Ten Instead of Five Years—A Draft That Nearly Went Astray.

"One of the best bank stories I ever heard of," said the assistant cashier of the Capital National bank, "was related by Governor J. Hoge Tyler of Virginia in an address of welcome made to the American Bankers' association in an annual convention at Richmond, Va., Oct. 2, 1900. As I remember it, the story went about like this: Soon after the war, when banking rates, or discount rates, were high, an old country friend in one of the southwest counties, a farmer, went to the bank to secure a loan of \$1,000 for five years. Of course this made the man behind the grating open his eyes and look at him with wonder and astonishment, and the farmer was told that they could not make provision for such a loan as that unless they had the most satisfactory collateral that could be obtained.

"The old fellow asked, 'Collateral?' 'Collateral,' the banker answered. 'Well, what is that?' the farmer asked. 'The banker went on to describe the stocks and bonds and notes that are mortgaged by the term collateral. The old farmer said, 'Well, I had those things I wouldn't want any money. They are better than money,' he said.

"Well," said the banker, 'you can't get the money unless you succeed in getting some of those collaterals, and then we might discount your note.' 'Well, the farmer succeeded in getting some collateral and in getting his own name upon the paper and his wife's as well, and obtained mortgages on everything he had. He came and dumped his collateral down on the banker's desk. They were satisfactory, and the cashier made out his note for him for \$1,000 and told him to sign it, which the farmer did. After signing the note he passed it over. Then the cashier counted him out \$257.52. The old farmer ejaculated, 'Come on.'

"No, sir," said the cashier, 'that is all you can get on a note of \$1,000 for five years at our present rate of discount.' 'Dis what?' said the farmer. 'Discount,' said the cashier. 'That is all you can get.' 'What do you mean?' said the farmer.

"Why," said the cashier, 'we take off the discount for the first four months and the next four months, and so on, and then at the end of five years your note will only make \$257.52.' 'I am glad I did not ask you to lend me that money for ten years,' ejaculated the farmer, 'or you would have had me in debt, and I would have to pay you something for asking you to lend it to me.'

"When I was banking in Sullivan, Ind., some years ago," said the president of a national bank, "I had a singular experience. I always locate my stories on the banks of the Wabash so that people can tell whether I am 'stretching it' or not. One day a rustic looking fellow came into the bank and handed me a draft on New York made out, we will say, to John Bell. I was not exactly certain that I knew the man, but his appearance was in his favor, and I cashed the draft. He could not write, so I had him make his mark. The draft was forwarded to New York for collection, and in about a week or ten days it came back to us with the statement that the indorser on the back was a forger. The letter from the New York bank that accompanied the draft said 'John Bell, the man for whom this draft was made, is a traveling representative for a local patent medicine house, and while he admits that he was in the town of Sullivan on the day the draft was cashed, he declares that he did not get the money. Bell further says that he can read and write very well.'

"I sent for the farmer, whose name was John Bell also, to come to the bank," continued Mr. Wilson, "and when he came I showed him the draft and the letter from the New York bank and asked him how it came about that he cashed that draft, which was intended for another man of the same name. 'Well,' he said, 'I'll tell you how it was. There was a fellow in our neighborhood a couple of weeks ago selling tickets in a lottery for a dollar apiece, and I bought one of them tickets. When I came to town the other day I went to the postoffice to get my mail and they handed me a letter with that there draft in it. I just supposed it was returns from my lottery ticket, and so I brought the draft to you and got the money on it.'

"I could tell by the old man's face and manner that he was telling the truth, and I took his note for the amount of the draft, which he had spent in the meantime, and fixed the matter up that way. I cashed the note and the fellow left."

"When I used to work in the Meridian National bank, which was afterward absorbed by the Merchants," said another bank official, "I relieved Albert Kopp, the paying teller, one day during the noon hour while he went to lunch. An old farmer came up to the counter with a check for a hundred and some odd dollars that he had received in payment for some hog he had brought to the city and sold. I looked at the name of the payee written on the face of the check and then at the man before me and said, 'I don't know you, my friend; you will have to be identified.' He gave me an innocent stare of surprise and, reaching into his pocket, said, 'How much will that cost, mister?'

"Way back in 1870, when the civil war revenue tax was still in force," said a bank official, "a country depositor came out of our bank at Sullivan and asked me for some stamps, saying he expected to have to use them pretty soon. 'What denomination?' I asked. 'What,' he replied, 'I am a Methodist now, but my family's all Baptists.' He had evidently never heard the word denomination used in any connection other than religious."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Snazzy Farmer's Toast.

Here's to the three B's and the H: Bread when we're hungry, Beer when we're dry, Bed when we're weary (and) Heaven when we die.—Journal of the Folk Lore Society.

The Supreme Test.

Clarke—Mr. Shively is passionately fond of art. Miss Jameson—Yes, and yet not fond enough of it to stop painting.—Town and Country.

ARSENIC FACTORIES.

Habits Acquired by the People Who Work in Them.

White arsenic is the form in which arsenic is taken by the peasants of Styria and the Tyrol. Professor Schallkrauber of Graz was the first to call attention to this practice in a report which he made in 1822 to the Austrian government on the cause of the numerous deaths from arsenic poisoning in those districts. His found that arsenic was kept in most of the houses in upper Styria under the name of "hydrach," evidently a corruption of "buttercrunch," or furnace smoke. His statements were subsequently confirmed from personal observation by a Dr. McLagan of Edinburgh, but for many years afterward the arsenic eaters were generally disbelieved in, and it was not till 1890 that C. Heise published convincing evidence.

Arsenic is principally eaten by hunters and woodcutters with the object of warding off fatigue and improving their staying powers. Owing to the fact that the sale of arsenic is illegal in Austria until a doctor's certificate it is difficult to obtain definite information of a habit which is kept so secret as possible. According to Dr. Lorenzo, in that district the arsenic is taken fasting, usually in a cup of coffee, the first dose being minute, but increased day by day until it sometimes amounts to the enormous dose of 12 or 15 grains. He found that the arsenic eaters were usually long lived, though liable to sudden death. They have a very fresh, youthful appearance and are seldom attacked by infectious diseases.

After the first dose the usual symptoms of slight arsenic poisoning are evident, but these soon disappear on continuing the treatment. In the arsenic factories of Salzburg it is stated that workmen who are not arsenic eaters soon succumb to the fumes. The manager of one of these works informed Mr. Heise that he had been medically advised to eat arsenic before taking up his position. He considered that no one should begin the practice before 12 years old nor after 30 and that in any case after 50 years of age the daily dose should be gradually reduced, since otherwise sudden death would ensue. If a confirmed arsenic eater suddenly attempts to do altogether without the drug, he immediately succumbs to the effects of arsenic poisoning. The only way to obviate this is gradually to acclimatize the system by reducing the dose from day to day. As another evidence of the cumulative properties of arsenic it is interesting to note that when the graveyards in upper Styria are opened the bodies of the arsenic eaters are found to be in their almost perfect state of preservation, due to the gradually accumulated arsenic.—Science Gossip.

HOTEL RULES IN BELGIUM.

At a certain hotel in Belgium the following rules were placed in each bedroom, presumably for the benefit of English speaking visitors, but need to be again translated:

1. Ring three times for the boots.
2. To deposit the key of the room at the hall porter or maid.
3. To inform in the office or the hall porter of their departure before 5 o'clock, if not the night will be charged.
4. That there is any complaints to do it in the office, manager will not fail to give due attention to.
5. To shut the door on the night and with going out.
6. The price of the apartments very position will be charged more, 1 franc at less a day if the meals are not taken in the hotel.
7. A special courier is attached on the hotel to make the service of couriers and commission.
8. The proprietor will not be responsible for objects, money or valuable articles with shall not have been given up for safe or short for verification.
9. Meals served after fixed hours or in the room are charged extra, if meals are not said their will not be discounted.
10. To prevent errors it is of the greatest importance to put their full name and profession, very well written.

Pere Monsabre's Rebuke.

Pere Monsabre, the celebrated Dominican preacher, may appropriately be called the Father Burke of France. He is just as fond of a joke as was his famous Irish brother. A story of him is that one day as he was just going to preach a message came to him that a lady wanted to see him. She was worried about an affair of conscience; she felt she'd like to see him, etc. After much waste of time she came to the point. She was given up to vanity. That very morning she confessed she had looked in her looking glass and yielded to the temptation of thinking herself pretty.

Pere Monsabre looked at her and said quietly, "Is that all?"

"Well, my child," he replied, "you can go away in peace, for to make a mistake is not a sin."

Forgot Her Lines.

A well known countess was announced to speak at a costers' gathering in the east end recently, so the little daughter of one of the costers—a flower seller—was deputed to present the countess on her arrival with a beautiful bouquet.

The evening arrived, with an enthusiastic audience in the hall, and presently the countess was announced. The little girl, who had been coached as to what to say, walked along the platform to where her ladyship stood and in her confusion convulsed every one with laughter by shouting out: "Here ye are, mum! Only a penny a bunch—market bunch for a penny!"

The countess smiled, accepted the flowers, and the child got the penny.—Spare Moments.

On His Guard.

Mrs. Handout, who you would wash your face, comb your hair, trim your beard and mend your clothes, you would require secure employment.

Staggering Blow—Y-yes, lady. I've been unwell at fact for just 27 years! But I'm just as much obliged for the warning.—Judge.

Her Designs on Him.

Sue—She has designs on him. Belle—Since when? Sue—Oh, ever since he consented to wear a necktie that she embroidered.—Philadelphia Record.

Fastidious Golding Maids.

Some women are particular about the color of their golf club bags, and they can be varied to quite an extent, says the New York Times. There are the all leather bags and the leather and canvas bags, and if a woman wears a golf suit of the old fashioned brown holland, which is a new fashion for this year, she can have a bag to match it almost exactly.

Who Takes the Cake?

In an old number of What to Eat is found a suggestion which will lessen the care of hostesses.

"Who takes the cake?" is a most merry-making scheme to assist in making a delicious cake, which should be exhibited. The hostess provides upon slips of paper what may be termed cake conundrums. These are neatly written and wound upon coarse steel knitting needles into little rolls and tied with baby ribbon to match the color scheme of the table.

These are brought in and passed to the guests, each taking one, just after serving the after dinner coffee. The hostess announces that each is to guess the name of the cake suggested on her slip, adding, the one who gives the most correct answers wins the prize of a delicious cake, which should be exhibited. The hostess has a list of the answers, and when one misses the "hit" she reads it, to the merriment of the crowd. For instance, one slip reads: Name the president's cake. The answer is (election). The parenthesis must not appear on the slips. A list recently used, and very wittily selected, is given for suggestion:

- Name the geologist's cake. (Mountain.)
 - Name the advertiser's cake. (Puff.)
 - Name the farmer's cake. (Corn.)
 - Name the tailor's cake. (Measure.)
 - Name the milliner's cake. (Ribbon.)
 - Name the devout cake. (Angel food.)
 - Name the jeweler's cake. (Gold.)
 - Name the lover's cake. (Kisses.)
 - Name the author's cake. (Short cake.)
 - Name the pugilist's cake. (Pound.)
 - Name the office seeker's cake. (Washington.)
 - Name the idler's cake. (Loaf.)
- Many others can be added by the clever hostess.

Girl Tobaccoists.

"Goodwill Sisters, Dealers in Cigars and Tobacco," is the sign which hangs over a flourishing cigar store in Boston. The proprietors of the business are two extremely pretty and bright young women who chose to make their living by going into business rather than by putting on spectacles, cutting their hair short and setting up as schoolmarm in the regulation way. The sisters have been successful, and their success has brought with it some degree of embarrassment.

A few weeks ago a brief account of their unique enterprise was printed in a Boston paper, and since that time they have been almost overwhelmed with offers of marriage. These offers come from all sorts of men and from all parts of the country. Miss Hattie, the youngest sister, has already filled away 36 offers, and every mail adds to the list. One of the most persistent of her suitors is a Maine farmer who has 3,000 bushels of potatoes and a cow to lay at her feet. Meanwhile the young woman serves notice that she does not intend to get married until she is 30 years old, a statement which puts the date off a matter of more than 25 years.—Providence Journal.

Consumers' League.

The Consumers' (or Shoppers') league is showing fresh signs of growth. Funds are coming in from the Pompano branch for the support of the national league, and steps are being taken to arrange for an exhibition at the Pan-American of all kinds of useful underwear bearing the consumers' label, which guarantees that the sewing is done under hygienic conditions. One of the chief objects of the society is to show the danger of wearing sweatshop and tenement house made clothing. Testimony is accumulating on this point from physicians, nurses, inspectors and others. The head of the nurses' settlement of New York said before the commission of investigation: "Tuberculosis seems to be the disease most dreaded. We see so much of it that we call it 'father's disease.' And we have frequently found people working on garments in a room where there was scarlet fever."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Artemus Ward on "Woman's Sphere."

In one of the multitudinous discussions going on nowadays as to the limits of "woman's sphere" Mr. Artemus Ward's description of a woman addressing her fellow passengers in a railroad train on the subject has been revived by an exchange. He speaks of her, to quote one of his own expressions, "thusly." "She said every woman should have a Spear. She went on: 'What is my Spear? Is it to stay at home & darn stockin' & be the aer-lave of a domineerin' man, or is it my Spear to vote & speak & show my self the ekal of a man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper Spear?' saying which the eccentric female whirled her umbrella around several times & finally jabbed me in the weiskit with it. 'Have no oldershuns to your going into the Spear business,' sez I, 'but you'll please remember I ain't a picklerel. Don't Spear me again, if you please.'"

To Clean Hats.

Fine straw or Panama hats which are very much soiled can easily be made presentable by scrubbing quickly with a saturated solution of oxalic acid. Use a small brush and dry quickly to prevent warping. Keep the solution out of hair's eye, and remember it is no more innocent if called "salts of lemon." Mark the bottle "Poison" in red ink.

Fastidious Golding Maids.

Some women are particular about the color of their golf club bags, and they can be varied to quite an extent, says the New York Times. There are the all leather bags and the leather and canvas bags, and if a woman wears a golf suit of the old fashioned brown holland, which is a new fashion for this year, she can have a bag to match it almost exactly.

ONE DAY AT WEST POINT.

Outline of Twenty-four Hours at the Military Academy.

There is a rule for everything that the cadet does during the day. His walk and his bodily carriage are prescribed by regulation. He marches to class at the sound of a bugle, he eats by command, he must be precise in the way in which he salutes an officer or the officer will stop him and call him to task. There is even a prescribed manner of greeting a civilian. If the cadet is introduced to one, he must extend one hand while lifting his cap with the other. At parting he must again lift his cap. There is not a step he can take, not a word he can say, not even a personal matter in his day's life that is not in one way or another governed by imperative rule.

As soon as the "police" work is done it is time for the battalion to form and march to breakfast at mess. Breakfast is finished at about 7:30. Immediately after it is over "sick call" rings out on the bugle. Any cadet who feels that he needs a physician reports to the surgeon in charge at the hospital.

Study and recitation begin at 8 o'clock. Across the quadrangle formed by the four connecting wings of the great academy building sections may be seen, as in the busy morning, marching to and from recitation. It is another period of the severest kind of instruction, while at 4:10 p. m., weather permitting, drill begins, lasting until 5:30. This is immediately followed by dress parade. At 6:30 formation for supper takes place. This meal lasts until 7 o'clock.

At this time of day our young men in civil life would feel very much abused if any more work were asked of them. Our cadet has the generous allowance of thirty minutes for "recreation." At 7:30, to the second, "call to quarters" is sounded by one of those precise buglers who are the bane of army

TRUSSES

Having all the latest improvements in TRUSSES, combined with the "KNOW HOW," enables us to GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. Try us! If we fail to fit you, it costs you nothing.

A full line of
Shoulder Braces
Supporters
AND
Suspensories
Always on hand.

PHILBRICK'S PHARMACY



SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER

Now, as we have the finest stock of hand-made wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our prices for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner
10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

Gray & Prime

DELIVER
COAL
IN BAGS
NO DUST NO NOISE
111 Market St. Telephone 2-4.

C. E. BOYNTON,
BOTTLETS OF ALL KINDS OF
Summer Drinks,

Unger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer, Tonic, Vanilla Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.
Bottles of Elderberry and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Black Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, and every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. Boynton

16 Bow Street Portsmouth

CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as they are desired to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies in addition to work at the cemetery he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Loan and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of High and Spruce and North Street, or by mail, or left with either W. H. H. or J. E. K. at 111 Market Street, will receive prompt attention.
M. J. GRIFFIN.

THE HERALD.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 1901.

CITY BRIEFS

Autumn begins Monday.
This is the harvest moon.
Only 99 more days in 1901.

There is two inches of snow on Mount Washington.

Farmers fires are started in a number of houses.

Who repairs your shoes? John Mott, 34 Congress St.

Straw hats have been called in. The sturdy gurdy has the call, but both are still being overworked.

Phillips Exeter plays football with N. H. college at Exeter today.

The rain of Friday night washed off a lot of leaves that had been frost bitten.

Winter overcoats were seen about the street yesterday and they were not uncomfortable.

The last regatta of the Portsmouth yacht club will be held on Thursday, Sept. 26th, at 3 o'clock p. m.

The Fannie A. Gardner, Rebekah lodge, held their meeting in Old Fellowship hall on Friday evening.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures radically—that is, it removes the roots of disease. That's better than lopping the branches.

William I. Haywood of New Castle, has rented the new house of Mr. Hoch on Rockland street and will occupy it at once.

Impossible to foresee an accident. Not impossible to be prepared for it. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Monarch over pain.

The future at Hampton beach appears brilliant. Thirty lots have been leased this fall by the Hampton Beach Improvement company.

A small yacht, coming from the eastward, went ashore on Short sands, York beach, Friday morning, and her hull was quite badly stove.

Two million Americans suffer the torturing pangs of dyspepsia. No need to. Burdock Blood Bitters cures. At any drug store.

There were two drunks, two lodgers and one for begging in the cell room at the police station on Friday night. There was no police court.

Albert H. Moulton, a Kittery farmer, brought a load of handsome celery to this city on Friday afternoon and quickly disposed of the whole of it at a good price.

About one hundred and fifty from this city took to the Boston & Maine excursion over the lake on Friday, and in spite of the raw weather had an enjoyable trip.

Two guards of steel have been placed on the bow of the steamer Alice Howard, and will save the boat from considerable damage when the big cakes come down river next winter.

Don't let the little ones suffer from eczema or other torturing skin diseases. No need for it. Dean's Ointment cures. Can't harm the most delicate skin. At any drug store, 50 cents.

A large number of the local alumni of Dartmouth college will go to Hanover the first of the week to attend the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the graduation of Daniel Webster from the college.

The match game of golf between the Abbeyside golf team of Rye beach and the team from the Portsmouth Country club, which was to have been played to day at the latter team's links, has been postponed.

Among the judgments returned by the Stratford county supreme court at Dover is the following: State vs Frank Brown of Portsmouth, evading railroad fare on Boston and Maine train at Somersworth, Sept. 13.

At Maplewood park, today, Saturday, at two o'clock Novell's athletes will play a game with the Christian Shore nine for the championship of the city. Walter Woods, who has just returned home, will pitch for the Athletics.

For forty years Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been curing summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhoea, bloody flux, pain in the stomach, and it has never yet failed to do everything claimed for it.

At the Advent Christian church on Hanover street the pastor will give to-morrow the second in a series of discourses upon "The Seven Seals of Revelation." Services at 2.15 p. m. Social meeting at 10.30 a. m. Children's meeting at 6 p. m., followed by evening gospel service at 7.15. All are invited to these services.

A special meeting of the society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests was held in Young's hotel in Boston, Friday afternoon, with Ex Gov. Frank W. Rollins in the chair. The secretary, Joseph T. Walker of Concord, reported that the work of the society during the past year was almost wholly educational. Numerous articles upon the general subject of forestry and others pertaining to the condition and danger to the woodlands of the state

had been published in the leading papers of the state.

The evening service at the North church will be resumed tomorrow evening at half-past seven o'clock.

At Boston auction sales of stocks Wednesday, five shares of Northern, R. R. ex divided, sold at 170; two Fitchburg preferred at 143; five Portsmouth, Kittery & York at 76; one Amory Mfg. Co., at 136 3/8; \$1,600 Lancaster, N. H., Fire Precinct Water Loan 4 at 107 3/4.

The executive committee of the state Y. M. C. A. held a meeting in Concord, Friday afternoon, Chairman Scott Owen of Portsmouth presiding. Several minor vacancies were filled, but the most important action was the calling of Mr. James A. Dimmitt of Boston to the state secretaryship.

The first creditors, meeting in the case of John E. and Herbert W. Mills of Hampstead, bankrupt, in the court of bankruptcy, was held at the office of the referee, Hon. Fremont E. Shurtleff, in the Federal building, in this city today. The meeting was one that was adjourned from Monday, Sept. 2.

The Tory Lover, Sarah Orne Jewett's masterpiece, is out today from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & company. The book is one that this season, Portsmouth, North Berwick, Berwick and Kittery, is especially interested. Paul Jones and the Ranger are conspicuous in the story, which is said to be delightful.

Fred L. Wood, the well known stove dealer, has purchased of the heirs of the late Charles H. Mendon, the double tenement house on Wibird street, numbers thirty-four and thirty-six; also a large strip of land in the rear of his own property. Mr. Wood buys for investment and will make extensive improvements in the new tenements.

HARBOR FRONT NEWS.

Arrived, Sept. 21.—Schooners Addie Jordan, Philadelphia for Saco, with coal; Mary Willey, Bangor, with lumber, steamer Pottsville, Salem for Philadelphia; tug Piscataqua, Boston, towing large York for Eliot, schooner Oliver Branch, Calais for Boston, with lumber.

Sailed, Sept. 21.—Tug Cumberland, Baltimore, towing large Number Twenty-one; schooner Percy Birdsall, Philadelphia; large Shawmut, do.

LOCAL BASE BALL.

Walter Woods, will do the pitching for the Athletics, in their game with the Christian Shore team at Maplewood park, this (Saturday) afternoon.

A red hot game will be played at Maplewood park this afternoon.

The make up of the Christian Shore team, will probably be the same as in the last game with the Maplewoods.

The game today will probably wind up the season.

KITTERY.

The Rev. George Clark Andrews of the Second Methodist church was in Saco on Thursday and assisted in the funeral services of Miss Edith L. Dean.

Attorney Charles C. Smith was in Alfred on business on Friday and returned in the evening.

Mrs. Mabel Brackett, a compositor at the Portsmouth Herald office, is restricted to her home with sickness.

The case of Charles A. McLeod of Kittery Point, the confessed murderer of Sadie A. Waldron, went before the grand jury at Alfred on Friday, and an indictment is a matter of course. The case will be the first one to be disposed of on the criminal docket and will last but a short time, for it is quite certain that the murderer will plead guilty and take a life sentence.

The prayer meetings at the churches were thinly attended on account of the heavy storm.

New Departure

I have a new stock of
Wall Papers and Paints

Which I can furnish at
Lowest Prices.
Charles E. Walker,
Government St., Kittery, Me.

WANTED.—Line men and groundmen for work at Portsmouth and vicinity. Apply at Market Square, City, at 7.30 Monday night. Lord Elec. Co., Wm. E. Torrey.

TANGIN
is better than sympathy—
it removes the trouble.
Woman, take TANGIN

DON'T TOBACCO SPOIL AND SMOKE Your Life away!
You can be cured of any form of tobacco using Tangin. The made weak, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor by taking **40-70-80-100** capsules. All druggists. One guaranteed bottle in ten days, over **\$50.00** returned. Address: **STURGEON KEMMEY CO., Chicago or New York.**

REAL ESTATE CONVEYANCES.

Following are among the conveyances of real estate in the county of Rockingham for the week ending Sept. 18, as recorded in the registry of deeds:

Exeter—Exeter Co-operation Bank to John H. Fellows, land and buildings on Bell avenue, \$466; land and buildings on Hampton road, \$1500; last grantee to Thomas C. Brown, Hampton, last described premises, \$1500; last grantee to Fred W. Rollins, same premises \$1500; Maria Hallinan to John Hallinan, land and buildings on River street, \$1; Della A. Cahill et al. to August Schmechel, East Kingston, lands and buildings on River street, \$900.

Hampton—Nathaniel Johnson to Joseph Johnson, rights in six tracts of the Johnson farm, \$1, decided in 1900; woodland, \$1; William S. Hunsweil, Exeter, to Charles Cutts, marsh land, \$1; William G. Cole to Myron W. Cole, land \$1, decided in 1892.

Hampton Falls—Jack Sanborn to Lillian T. Sanborn, land, \$1.

Newcastle—Elvira H. Ham, Portsmouth, to Arabella Urich, land, \$1.

Newmarket—Charles W. Chapman to Oliver P. Sanborn, land \$1; Charles E. Demeritt to Sarah E. Demeritt, land and buildings, \$1; Patrick Haley to William P. Haley, land and buildings, \$1.

Northwood—Trustee of James C. Locke estate to Joanna A. Locke, lands and buildings, \$901; Emma S. Hill, Concord, to Stella M. Fiske, land and buildings, \$1; Orrin A. Palmer to Byron Ambrose, Deerfield, lands, \$490; last grantee to Hattie A. Watson and Martha J. Ambrose, Boston, land and buildings, \$410.

Kingston—Executor of will of Mirauda S. Bussell to Samuel J. Spofford, rights in the Peat land, \$1; Thomas M. Arnold, Haverhill, Mass., to Louis G. Hoyt, land, \$1.

Londonderry—Clarence N. Gauvin, Derry, to Nellie M. McKean, land, \$550; Charles H. Bailey to Joseph N. Girard, Jr., land and buildings, \$100.

Raymond—Clarissa Carrier to John T. Curran, land and buildings, \$100, decided in 1887; last grantee to John W. D. Burdall, Malden, Mass., land and buildings, \$1.

North Hampton—William M. Wood and wife, Andover, Mass., to Ella P. Robinson, Haverhill, rights in Little Boy's Head land, \$1.

Portsmouth—Ellen I. Fletcher et al. to Charles O. Johnson, rights in premises at 11 State street, \$1; Emma L. Hall, Brooklyn, to Joshua M. Vaughan, land on Granite State avenue, \$1; Harry E. Boynton to Harry B. Boynton, land on Middle street, \$1; William L. Condon to last grantee, land on Middle street, \$1; last grantee to last grantee, land on Middle street, \$1; Harry B. Boynton to Harry B. Boynton, land on Middle street, \$1; Charles W. McCarthy to Albert S. Spinney of Eliot, Me., land on Richards avenue, \$1.

Rye—David Jenness to Augustus A. Carpenter, Jr., Chicago, land, \$1.

Auburn—Dudley Guilbert, North Woodstock, to Timothy J. Howard and Charles S. Magoon, Manchester, land, \$1.

Candia—Abraham Nelson to Beda Nelson, Manchester, land and buildings, \$501.

Chester—William H. Anderson, Lowell, Mass., to David Cross, Manchester, land \$1; Lorenzo D. Skillings to James B. Colby, Concord, lands in Chester and Derry, \$1016.

Derry—Everett E. Griffin, Watertown, Mass., to Estia I. Griffin, land and buildings, \$1; Harvey P. Hood to Charles A. Hood, land and buildings, \$1, decided in 1888.

Epping—Mary S. Burnham to Caleb F. Edgerly, land, \$500.

Salem—Abigail C. Saunders, Methuen, Mass., et al., to Harriet C. Edwards, land in Salem and Windham, \$944; Ann Monahan to Sotrack Vartanian, Lawrence, Mass., land and buildings, \$1.

Sandown—Alva S. Sanborn to Edwin E. Brewster, land, \$1.

Windham—Mary L. Brennan, Bradford, Mass., to Annie Hanrahan, New York, lands and buildings, \$1; Horace Gerry et al. to Charles K. and George K. Barker, land in Londonderry, \$1; Abel Dow to Mary A. McElueny, land, \$1.

DIED.

Gross. In this city, Sept. 19th, Mrs. Fannie A. Gross, aged 41 years, wife of Benjamin Gross. Born in this city, Sept. 10th, Roger C. Hoyt, aged 33 years, 11 months and 12 days.

PASKEHIAN. In this city, Sept. 20th, Eleonora W. Paskehian, aged 43 years, 1 month and 1 day, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Paskehian.

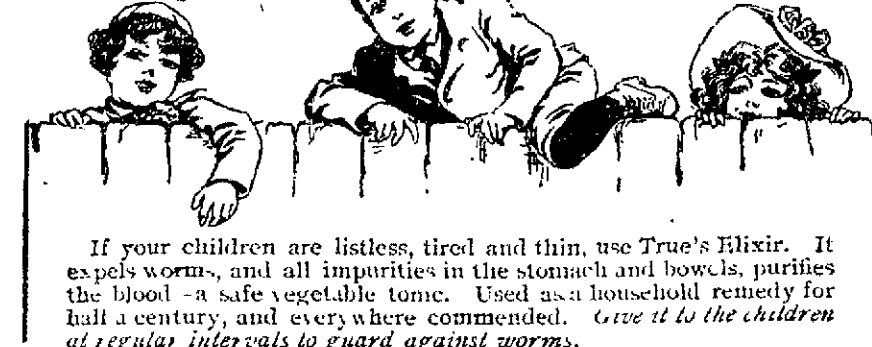
HANSON. In Kittery, Me., Sept. 20th, Jack son At Hanson, aged 61 years, 5 months and 10 days.

MIDDLE STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.

The pastor of this church will take for his subject, Sunday morning, "The Three Great Epochs in American History." The evening subject will be, "The Anarchist and His Doctrine. What Shall We Do With Them?"

Hon. J. T. Davidson of York passed Friday in Boston on business.

Active Children



If your children are listless, tired and thin, use True's Elixir. It expels worms, and all impurities in the stomach and bowels, purifies the blood—a safe vegetable tonic. Used as a household remedy for half a century, and everywhere commended. Give it to the children at regular intervals to guard against worms.

TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR

gives appetite to dull children, vigor to tired children, healthy sleep and healthful activity. It is one of the most valuable helps for growing children. Expels worms, so frequent in childhood. Restores the natural activity of youth. 35 cents a bottle in druggists. Write for free book on "Children and their Diseases." Special treatment for tape worms. Write for free circular.

DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Everett M. Fisher left on Friday morning on a trip to New York.

William Harrington of Manchester, was a visitor in town on Friday.

George Hoffman of Austin street, is visiting friends in North Hampton.

Howard Hanscom of the Frank Jones Brewing Co., is enjoying a vacation.

Miss Lou Smith, who has been visiting friends in Charlestown, has returned home.

Mrs. John Johnson of Cabot street is passing a week with relatives in Haverhill, Mass.

Mrs. Arthur E. Yates and daughter, Miss Adele, have returned from a visit in New York.

Thomas Lombard of Newton Upper Falls is passing a few days with his brother, B. F. Lombard.

Mr. Arthur Rand and family of New York, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Rand, State street.

Miss Gertrude Blaisdell of Everett, Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Almon Jenness of South street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Hackett and Miss Hackett have gone to Buffalo to visit the Pan-American exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Taylor, leave for St. John, N. B., on Saturday evening, to attend the wedding of a friend.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. McElueny, who have been the guests of Mrs. Anna Dixon, returned to Portland on Friday.

William G. Rand, a well-known Portsmouth boy, is seriously ill at the Boston City hospital, with typhoid fever.

Miss Alice Haley, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. William Watkins, has returned to her home, in Cambridge.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haley of Cambridge, Mass., are the guests of Mrs. Haley's mother, Mrs. J. W. Watkins of Manning street.

Miss Perry of Boston, who has been passing two weeks as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Fred S. Towle of State street, has returned home.

Mrs. Mary J. Simes and family of State street, have closed their summer cottage at Pier's beach and reopened their city residence on State street.

We notice in the Minneapolis papers the return from Manila, P. I., of Captain Melville J. Shaw, U. S. M. C. Captain Shaw has many friends in this city.

Charles F. Rice is enjoying a two weeks vacation, and with Mrs. Rice and little granddaughter Marion, is passing the week in Boston, and Merrimac, Mass.

William C. Walton, cashier of the New Hampshire national bank, is enjoying a vacation and leaves today for a visit to Buffalo and the Pan-American exposition.

Dr. Charles H. Hatchins of Boston, who has been passing a few days in this city as the guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hatchins of State street, has returned home.

John P. Sweetser and family of Cabot street, who have been passing the summer at Smitty's nose island, Isles of Shoals, have returned and reopened their residence in this city.

Mrs. Arthur Thurey, left for Boston on Friday morning, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Blanche, who returns to her studies at the Perkins Institute for the Blind.

The marriage occurred on Tuesday, September 17th, at Annapolis, at 6.30 o'clock, of Mr. William Robeck, eldest son of Mrs. Anna Robeck, formerly of this city and now of Annapolis, to Miss Celia Clauson of that city.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Lee Lamprey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Lamprey of Hampton, and Mr. Dan of Edward Hill of Newburyport, formerly of Kittery, is to take place at the home of the bride at Hampton, on Tuesday, Sept. twenty-fourth.

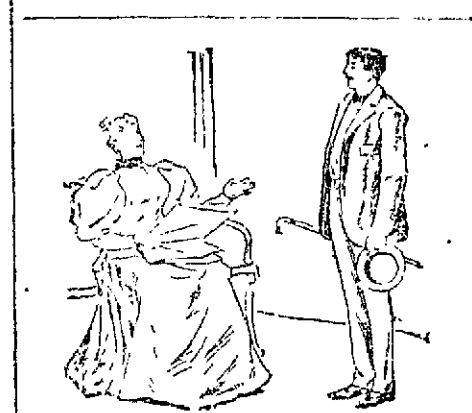
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